

Boys and Girls Together

The Natural enjoys
all moments. And thus

in our kids' band
when Mr. Dill requested
him to try the second part, Moe waved

the battered thing. "This here's
a First Trombone!" We laughed,
knowing what we knew then.

He liked the attention.
Many times we watched him
drool along his paper route.

Hey Moe! How's that first trombone?
He never got older; we got married
and fought through

hanging wallpaper as he appeared
to collect, gaping at flowers and windmills.
You wonder if he knew what he missed.
We don't have time

to miss anything. Divorce has struck most
tootling kids, and one of our dudes, sax,
bought it in a Trenton hall,
folding down on the syringe.

I see the needle, its grace.